

2Pac Lyrics

"If My Homie Calls"

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee with a wee-wee
We been coochie-coo all through school, you and me, G
Back in the days we played practical jokes on
Everybody smoked with they locs and they yokes on
All through high school, girls by the dozens
Saying we cousins, knowing that we wasn't
But like the old saying goes
Times goes on, and everybody grows
Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways
You chose the dope game, my microphone pays
In many ways we were paid in the old days
So far away from the crazies with AK's
And though I been around clowning with the Underground
I'm still down with my homies from the hometown
And if you need, need anything at all
I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

It's a shame, you chose the dope game
Now you slang 'caine on the streets with no name
It was plain that your aim was mo' 'caine
You got game now you run with no shame
I chose rapping tracks to make stacks
In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats
But now I don't wanna down my homie
No matter how low you go, you're not lowly
And I, hear that you made a few enemies
But when you need a friend you can depend on me, call
If you need my assistance, there'll be no resistance
I'll be there in an instant
Who am I to judge another brother, only on his cover
I'd be no different than the other
H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E
I'm down to the E-N-D
'Cause it's a fall in no time at all
I'm down for y'all, when my homies call
Word, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

Well, it's ninety-one and I'm living kinda swell now
But I hear that you're going through some hell, pal
But life making records ain't easy
It ain't what I expected, it's hectic, it's sleazy
But I guess that the streets is harder

Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather
My homies is making it elsewhere
Striving, working nine to five with no health care
We both had dreams of being great
But his deferred and blurred and changed in shape
It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make
To be great, I'm giving it all it takes
Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes
I gotta take my place or fall from grace
The foolish way, the pace is quick and great
Smiling face to hide the trace of hate
But my homie would never do me wrong
That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me, it's on
No matter who the foe they must fall
Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

Thanks to Kurtis Hanson, Mark for correcting these lyrics.

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